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[Shakespeare—quarto facsimiles]



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P E R I C L E S :  
BY  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE  
AND OTHERS.

*THE FIRST QUARTO,*

1609,

A FACSIMILE  
FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 12. h. 5.  
BY  
CHARLES PRAETORIUS,  
WITH INTRODUCTION BY  
P. Z. ROUND, B.A.  
ST. CATHARINE'S COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

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LONDON :  
PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14, CLAREVILLE GROVE,  
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.

1886.



A.23957  
CONTENTS OF INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. Early Allusions to the Play .....	iii.
§ 2. Versions of the Pericles Story .....	vi.
§ 3. Sources of the Play .....	ix.
§ 4. The two Editions of 1609 .....	xii.
§ 5. History of the Composition of the Play .....	xiii.
§ 6. This Facsimile and its Original .....	xiii.



40 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,  
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

No.	No.
1. Hamlet. 1603.	7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)
2. Hamlet. 1604.	8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)	9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600.
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)	10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599.
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598.	11. Richard III. 1597.
6. Merry Wives. 1602.	12. Venus and Adonis. 1593.
	13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. (printing.)

2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. ( <i>fotografi.</i> )	27. Henry V. 1600.
15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. ( <i>fotografi.</i> )	28. Henry V. 1608.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (I. R. for Heyes.) ( <i>fotografi.</i> )	29. Titus Andronicus. 1600.
17. Richard II. 1597. Duke of Devonshire's copy. ( <i>fotografi.</i> )	30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609.
18. Richard II. 1597. Mr. Huth. ( <i>fotografi.</i> )	31. Othello. 1622.
19. Richard II. 1608. Brit. Mus. ( <i>fotografi.</i> )	32. Othello. 1630.
20. Richard II. 1634. ( <i>fotografi.</i> )	33. King Lear. 1608. Q1. (N. Butter, <i>Pide Bull.</i> )
21. Pericles. 1609. Q1.	34. King Lear. 1608. Q2. (N. Butter.)
22. Pericles. 1609. Q2.	35. Lucrece. 1594.
23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.)	36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. ( <i>fotografi.</i> )
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.)	37. Contention. 1594. ( <i>not yet done.</i> )
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597.	38. True Tragedy. 1595. ( <i>not yet done.</i> )
26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599.	39. The Famous Victories. 1598. ( <i>not yet done.</i> )
	40. The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (For King John: <i>not yet done.</i> )

## INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. In the following extract from the Stationers' Register (Arber's *Transcript* III., 378) occurs the first mention of the present play :

20 majj [1608].

Edward Blount. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke called *The booke of Pericles prince of Tyre*. . . . . vj<sup>d</sup>

It was in 1608 also that the book by George Wilkins was publisht, entitled 'The Painfull Aduentures of *Pericles* prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet Iohn Gower. At London Printed by T. P.[avier?], for Nat: Butter.'<sup>1</sup> In 'the Argument of the whole Historie,' with which the book begins, the Reader is entreated 'to receive this Historie in the same maner as it was vnder the habite of ancient *Gower* the famous English Poet, by the Kings Maiesties Players excellently presented.' It was the success of the play, probably, which led Henry Gossen to bring out in 1609 his pirated version of the late and much admired play called *Pericles*, which with the reprint of the same year is now reproduced.

<sup>1</sup> The 1st and 2nd Quartos, published in 1608, of *King Lear* 'As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall . . . By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side,' were printed for Nathaniel Butter.

The anonymous verses entitled *Pimlyco or Runne Red-Cap*, published in 1609, speak thus of *Pericles*<sup>1</sup> :—

Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd  
Of *Civill Throats* stretchd out so loud ;  
(As at a *New-play*) all the Roomes  
Did swarne with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*,  
So that I truly thought all These  
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*.

Not knowing what play is denoted by the name *Shore*, we cannot tell whether it is or is not meant to be described as a '*New-play*'; though that description would suit *Pericles*.

The year of its production was 1607 or 1608. (Fleay,<sup>2</sup> it is true, sees a palpable imitation of Act III. sc. ii. of *Pericles* (the bringing to life of Thaisa) in a scene of a conjuration and sham restoration in *The Puritan* which (as he shews) was acted in 1606. The likeness, however, seems no more than may fairly be called accidental.)

For some reason Blount never issued 'The book of *Pericles* prince of Tyre,' which was 'entred for his copie' 20th May, 1608. It is curious that on the same day, and immediately following the entry of *Pericles*, comes the entry, also to Blount, of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, which he never issued separately, for it is entered over again to Blount and Jaggard in the list for the forthcoming Folio of 1623 of 'so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men,' i.e., among the fifteen plays which had not before appeared in print. But having found these two entries of Blount's in company in 1608, we are not surprised to read on Gosson's title-page that the play of *Pericles* is 'by William Shakspeare.' That Shakspeare had at least a share in its composition is generally admitted. *Pericles* is absent from the 1st and 2nd Folios, but it had been imputed to Shakspeare before

<sup>1</sup> Given in *Centurie of Prayse*, p. 89, 2nd ed. ; ed. C. M. Ingleby and Lucy T. Smith.

<sup>2</sup> *Introd. to Shakspeare Study*, pp. 27. 28.

its appearance in the 3rd Folio, in 1664, by S. Sheppard in *The Times displayed in Six Sestyaads*, 1646—

... with SOPHOCLES we may  
Compare great SHAKESPEAR ARISTOPHANES  
Never like him, his Fancy could display  
Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles:—

as well as by Jo: Tatham, who says in his commendatory lines  
prefix to R. Brome's *Joviall Crew*, 1652—

There is a Faction (Friend) in Town, that cries,  
Down with the *Dagon-Poet*, *Johnson* dies.

\* \* \* \*

*Beaumont* and *Fletcher* (they say) perhaps, might  
Passe (well) for currant Coin, in a dark night:  
But *Shakespeare* the *Plebeian Driller*, was  
Founder'd in 's *Pericles*, and must not pass.  
And so, at all men fie, that have but been  
Thought worthy of applause.

Dryden, in 1672, speaking of the early plays as notable for 'some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age,' supposes he 'need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, nor the Historical Plays of *Shakespear*.'

The play seems to have been popular. Robert Tailor, in *The Hogge hath lost his Pearl*, 1614, said

‘if it prove so happy as to please,  
Weele say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.’

Richard Brathwaite's mention of 'Valiant Boult' in his *Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, seems to shew that one of the characters was well enough known. Ben Jonson in his Ode 'Come leave the loathed stage,' 1629-30, growls about 'some mouldy tale like *Pericles*.' When Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, received of the players, 10 June, 1631, 'for a gratuity for ther liberty gaind unto them of playinge, upon the cessation of the plague . . . 3*l.* 10*s.* od.—This was taken upon *Pericles* at the Globe.'<sup>1</sup> Besides a 2nd quarto in 1609, editions of *Pericles*

<sup>1</sup> Quoted, from Malone's print of the MS., in *Centurie of Prays*.

appeared in 1611, 1619, 1630 and 1635 ;—a larger number than were issued of any Shaksperean play except one or two Histories. It was one of the six Shaksperean plays acted by Sir Wm. Davenant's company between 1660 and 1671,<sup>1</sup> and Downes tells us twice in *Roscus Anglicanus* (says Collier) that Pericles was a favourite part with Betterton.

§ 2. In the older forms of the story, the prince of Tyre is called Apollonius. The earliest extant version, in Latin, is considered to have been made from a Greek original about the VIth century. An allusion in the *Gesta abbatum Fontanellensium* shews *Historia Apollonii regis Tyri* to have been among the books given to the monastery about A.D. 747. The oldest MS. now known is of the Xth century, and the Latin story was first printed about 1470, and again by Marc:Welser in 1595. There are fragments of an 11th century West Saxon version, in a Corpus MS. printed by Thorpe.

Godfrey of Viterbo has the story in his 12th century *Pantheon sive memoriae saeculorum* (see Bk. II., cols. 282-292); it is said to be given also by Vincentius Bellovacensis in his *Speculum historiale*. The *Historia Apollonii* is pretty closely reproduced in chapter 153 of the *Gesta Romanorum*, i.e., first among the chapters added—about 1488—to the 152 printed in the earlier editions. It is not found in the Anglo-Latin recension, and accordingly is not in the oldest English translation of the *Gesta*. The story is found in French in 13th century MSS. at Paris and in the British Museum; and it is also told in a Spanish poem of the same period, as well as in German in an expanded shape in verse by H. von Neustadt.<sup>2</sup>

Gower tells the tale in *Confessio Amantis*, bk. viii., ls. 281-2018, and says he found it in 'a cronique in daies gon, The which is

<sup>1</sup> *Centurie*, p. 158.

<sup>2</sup> Selections from Neustadt's poem were published in 1875 at Vienna; J. Strobl, editor. But a version may have existed in French or German before; for in the 12th century Lamprecht speaks of the adventures of Apollonius in his German poem of *Alexander*, which was imitated from the old French poem of Alberic de Besançon, now extant only in a fragment.

cleped *Panteon*'—presumably of Godfrey of Viterbo. The *Panteon* is referred to also in verses at the conclusion of the Old German version printed at Augsburg, 1471, but in both these cases the assertion is only limitedly true. In Douce MS. 216 is a fragment of 140 lines of a 15th century English version; another is among the Phillipps MSS., and was printed in Halliwell's 'New Boke about Shakespeare' in 1850.

Louys Garbin printed *la cronicque et bystoire d'Appolin roy de thir* at Geneva in 1482, and probably it was this, put into English by Copland, which Wynkyn de Worde publisht in 1510;—not the worst, says Warton, among the many romances which appeared in England before 1540. The romance had been printed in Old German and in Swedish in 1471; in Dutch in 1493.

In 1576, William Howe entered on the Stationers' Register (B., ff. 134; Arber's *Transcript* II., 301) *the historie of the strange aduentures of prince Apollonius Lucina his wife and Tharsa his daughter*, 'sett foorth in print,' the entry says, 'with this title *The patterne of payfull aduentures*.' *The Painful Pilgrimage* is one among the names in the record of plays acted at court in 1567-8,<sup>1</sup> and from the similarity of title it has been conjectured that the subject of play and story was the same. The proprietorship of the novel past apparently to Valentine Simmes, who probably in the last decade of the 16th century produced the earliest extant edition of the book, 'gathered into English,' the title-page asserts, 'by Laurence Twine, gentleman.' Another edition appeared in 1607. With a few additions this is a version of the Latin *Historia*.

The VIIth and last volume of Boistieu and Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*—which came out in 1682—has 'Apollonie Roy de Tyriens : ses malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme, & fille, & la fin heureuse de tous ensemble' for its 3rd chapter; 'ayant et main,' says Belleforest in his *Sommaire de l'Histoire*, 'vne histoire tiree du grec & icelle ancienne, comme aussi ie

<sup>1</sup> Harl: MS. 146, quoted by Collier, *Hist: Eng: Dramat: Poet*: I. 187, edn. 1879.

l'ay recueillie d'vne vieux liure écrit à la main.<sup>1</sup> He paraphrased at considerable length an original which very likely was much the same as Twine's. George Wilkins's 'Painfull Aduentures of Pericles prince of Tyre,' which appeared in 1608, and has been already mentioned, ends the list of this family of versions.

More removed than thiese from the *Historia Apollonii*, but yet based on some form of that legend, is the French romance of *Jourdain de Blaivies*, who in his flight after killing Lohier, Charlemagne's son, falls into the hands of pirates, escapes, and is afterwards cast up by a storm on the shore of King Marcus's land, where he is befriended by a fisherman, beloved by the king and his daughter Oriabel, defeats the Saracens, and obtains the princess in marriage, who bears him a daughter Gaudisce. Oriabel, put in a cask and cast overboard at sea to appease the tempest, is washt up at Palermo, where she dwells as a recluse. Meanwhile Gaudisce, left in the keeping of Josseline, in the country of Orimonde, while her father voyages in search of his wife, incurs the jealousy of the queen, by whose orders she is secretly conveyed to Constantinople, where, for refusing the love of the emperor's son, she is about to be exposed in a brothel when she is found by her father and mother. This story, often associated with the tale of the two friends Amis and Amiloun, was with that ultimately inserted in the Charlemagne cycle, Jourdain's father becoming the son of Amis.<sup>2</sup> A variation in the *Romance of the VII Sages* of the story of the two friends, names them Loys and Alexander. Upon some form of this *Alexander* story was doubtless founded Theodoor Rodenburgh's Dutch tragicomedy (in 44 uuren or scenes) of *Alexander*, publisht at Amsterdam in 1618. W. C. Hazlitt suggested, what is not improbable, that this was in some degree like the lost play of *Alexander and Lodwick*, one of 5 'Books' for which Henslow paid Martin

<sup>1</sup> I quote from Rouen edn., 1603-4, p. 110 of last vol.

<sup>2</sup> See 'Amis et Amiles und Jourdains de Blaivies' ed. by K. Hofman, 2nd edn., Erlangen, 1882.

Slaughter £8 in May, 1598 ; but the supposition that Slaughter's play was made use of by the authors of *Pericles* is probably erroneous.

Another offshoot of the Apollonius saga is found in the Spanish *Historia del rey Canamor y del infante Turian su hijo*, publisht at Seville in 1558.

Besides the plays already named, there are the following dramatic versions of the story. (1) Pieter Bor's two Dutch tragicomedies, 'Apollonius Prince van Tyro,' and 'Apollonius en zijne dochter Tarsia,' publisht at the Hague, 1617, and based on the story as given in the Dutch version of the *Gesta Romanorum*. (2) 'Appolonius, Koningh van Tyrus,' 'tragedy' by D. Lingelbach publisht at Amsterdam, 1662.<sup>1</sup>

Lillo's *Marina*, presented at Covent Garden, August 1st, 1738, is an adaptation of portions of the latter part of *Pericles*.

§ 3. Two printed English versions were ready to hand for any one who wished to dramatize the story of Apollonius ; (1) in Gower, bk. viii. of *Confessio Amantis* ls. 281-2018, (2) Laurence Twine's *Patterne of painefull Aduentures* : the play of *Pericles* was based on the former.<sup>2</sup> This appears in several ways : (a) in the names of the characters, where, except when characters have been re-named, Gower's form of a name is taken wherever he differs from Twine. Thus Hellicanus, Thaliard (Thaliart in Wilkins's *Novel*), Dionisa, Lichorida, Philoten, and the place Meteline too, are Gower's names, while Twine, whose Latin version was seemingly rather a bad one, writes Elinatus, Taliarchus, Dionisiades, Ligozides, Philomacia, and Machilenta. Further ; the name Thaisa is not found in Twine, who calls Apollonius's daughter Tarsia, and her mother Lucina, whereas Gower (who gives the mother no name) calls the daughter Thaisë ; and the name Leoninus, given by Gower to the Pandar, is not known to Twine.

<sup>1</sup> See Dr. G. Penon's *Bijdragen tot de gesch. der Nederl. Letterkunde*, Groningen, 1880, I., 113 and foll.

<sup>2</sup> Both are printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Pt. I., Vol. IV.

x. § 3. GOWER, NOT TWINE, IS THE SOURCE OF THE PLAY.

(b) Incidents and expressions in the play are taken from Gower's Story and not from Twine's.

(i.) III. i. Pericles alone on the deck is shown the new-born child. In Twine there is no mention of his being apart from his wife ; Gower says of the 'yonge lady'—

Of childe she began travail  
Wher she lay in a caban clos.  
Her woful lord *from her aros*  
\* \* \* \* \*

A maide child was bore tho.  
Appollinus, *when this he knewe*,  
For sorwe a swoune he ouerthrewe. . . .

(ii.) When the sailors proposed to throw the body overboard, Apollonius, according to Twine, protested strongly ; in Gower he assents mournfully ; and in the play his words are 'As you think meet.—Most wretched queene.'

(iii.) *Pericles* III., 33-37.

Gower's chorus.  
the summe of this,  
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,  
Ira[u]yshed the regions round,  
And every one with claps can  
sound  
'Our heyre apparant is a  
King. . . '

*Conf: Amant*: 1021 follg.  
This tale, after the king it  
hadde,  
Pentapolim al ouerspradde ;  
Ther was no ioie for to seche,  
For euyer man had it in speche  
'A worthy king shal ben oure  
lorde.'

There is nothing of this in Twine.

(iv.) *Periclus*: III. ii., 68-75.

Heere I giue to vnderstande,  
I King *Pericles* haue lost  
This queene, worth all our  
mundaine cost :  
Who finds her, giue her bury-  
ing ;  
She was the Daughter of a  
King :  
Besides this Treasure for a fee  
The Gods requit his charitie !

*Conf: Am* : 1132-40.

I, king of Tire, Apollinus,  
Doth alle maner men to wite  
Her lith a kinges daughter  
dede ;  
And who that hapneth her to  
finde,  
For charite tak in his minde  
And do so that she be begraue  
With this tresor which he shal  
haue.

Twine says—'Whoseuer shal find this chest, I pray him to take ten pieces of gold for his paines, and to bestow tenne pieces

more vpon the buriall of the corpes . . . Whosoeuer shall doe otherwise than the present grieve requireth, let him die a shamefull death. . . ."

(v.) In Twine's story—which follows the Latin—it was Cerimon's towardly scholler Machaon who, while anointing the body [of Lucina] for burial, perceived some warmth in her breast, and that there was life in the body. In Gower's version and the play alike the restoring to life is all Cerimon's doing.

(vi.) According to Twine, 'faire Lucina . . . being perfectly come to herself, "what art thou?" said she vnto Machaon : "see thou touch me not otherwise than thou oughtest to do, for I am a king's daughter, and the wife of a king."

*Periclitus: III. ii., 105-6.*

*Conf: Am: 1216-7.*

<p>[Shee moues.]</p> <p>O deare Diana, Where am I? Where's my Lord? What world is this?</p>	<p>She speake and saide : 'Where am I? Where is my lord? what world is this?'</p>
---	---

(vii.) V. i., 35, etc. Pericles will not answer when Lysimachus addresses him, and, later, when Marina comes. So Gower in both instances. In Twine, the governor is answered in a set speech, and there is a long episode telling how Apollonius solved various riddles which 'the maiden Tharsia' asked him.

When Pericles at last speaks, he asks Marina a multitude of questions. Gower's version—interesting as illustrating the two places 82-89, etc., 127-129—is thus :

As a mad man, ate laste  
His heued wepinge awey he caste,  
And halfe in wrathe he bad here go.  
But yet she wolde nought do so,  
And in the derke forth she goth  
Til she him toucheth, and he wroth,  
And after here with his hond  
He smote. And thus whan she him fonde  
Disesed, courteisly she saide  
'Avoy, my lorde, I am a maide—  
And if ye wiste what I am,  
And out of what lignage I cam,  
Ye wolde nought be so saluage.'

With that he sobreth his corage  
And put away his heuy chere.

\* \* \* \* \*

This king vnto this maide opposeth  
And axeth first, what is her hame,  
And where she lerned all this game,  
And of what ken that she was come.

But in Twine, Tarsia had told her story in a single speech immediately after Apollonius thrust her away from him ; so that Apollonius alone has any further speech to make.

These and other points of likeness lead to the conclusion that the basis of the play was the story as given in Gower,—who certainly tells his tale more dramatically than Twine does. This explains why, in the play, Gower is brought on as the presenter. But there are a few parallels with Twine's story ; Cleon's sentiments, for example, in Act IV., sc. iii., are pretty much those which in Twine are put into the mouth of 'Stranguillio,' as the character is there named ; and though here l. 16, 'She dide at night. Ile say so,' is from Gower, the scene is founded on Twine's story.

Steevens pointed out that there are in the first two acts several imitations of ideas in the *Arcadia*, viz., I. i. 10, 11 ; 62, 63 ; II. i., 63-65 ; the word 'bases,' l. 167 ; ii. 54, 55, and last words of scene. The passages in the *Arcadia* will be found in the *Variorum* edition at these references. Stevens's further supposition that the name of Sidney's hero 'Pyrocles' was the original of our 'Pericles' seems very likely ; and we know that suggestions from the *Arcadia* had probably been made use of by Shakspere in *The Two Gentlemen*—for the scene of Valentine and the robbers, IV. i., and the praise of solitude V. iv.—and in *King Lear* for the Gloucester story, taken from Sidney's tale of the blind king of Paphlagonia.

§ 4. Both the editions of *Pericles* which appeared in 1609 are reproduced in the present series, as there has been some doubt which of the two was the earlier. In the Introduction to

the other Quarto, I have sought to show why, with the Cambridge editors, I give the priority to this edition.

§ 5. The history of the play up to the time when it reacht the state we now see it in may be here conjecturally summed up. Shakspere began a play on the story of Marina, but only wrote the beginning and end, which is now left to us in the last three Acts of *Pericles*. The unfinished work was then handed over to George Wilkins and William Rowley—elsewhere also fellow-workers—to be completed for the stage. Wilkins made two new Acts from incidents in the tale of Apollonius, eked out with a Pageant of his own composing, and made this serve as a new beginning for the play. Rowley wrote scenes ii., iv. and v. of Act V. (They are too pointless and inconsequent to have come from Shakspere, though possibly he left some suggestion for them.) The Gower-choruses were inserted in suitable places by Wilkins; Rowley perhaps helping in one or two places. But the work as thus completed has perished. Heminge and Condell did not see fit to include *Pericles* in the Folio. Acting rights, perhaps, or the claims of publishers, may have been the reason for their action; or was it that Shakspere would own no share of his in the patchwork, and the work, not having undergone his revision, was accordingly excluded?

At any rate, what is left to us is a version of the acted play hastily botched up from a brachygraphist's notes, and shewing traces, too, in more than one place of the 'cuts' made in preparing the play for performance.

§ 6. I have markt with a double dagger, in the margin, a number of places in this facsimile where more obvious faults in the text occur. A comparison with the other Quarto of 1609, the facsimile of which is similarly markt, will shew various points of difference between the two editions. The copy in the British Museum Library, from which this facsimile has been made, has been cut down and inlaid. By this means some headlines and initial letters have been lost, wholly or in part. These, in places

where there could be no doubt of their identity, are restored in the facsimile by hand.

Further, an awkwardly-mended rent in leaf C had almost obliterated part of the lines I. iv., 107, 108, and II., chorus, 24, which have had to be completed by hand. A small tear has injured lines II. i., 20 and 59. The title page, too, has a tear across the words 'whole' and 'fortunes,' and some letters in 'aduentures' and 'The no lesse' are worn and indistinct.

May 25, 1886.





THE LATE,  
And much admired Play,  
Called  
Pericles, Prince  
of Tyre

With the true Relation of the w hole Historic,  
aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince :

As also,  
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,  
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter  
*MARIANA.*

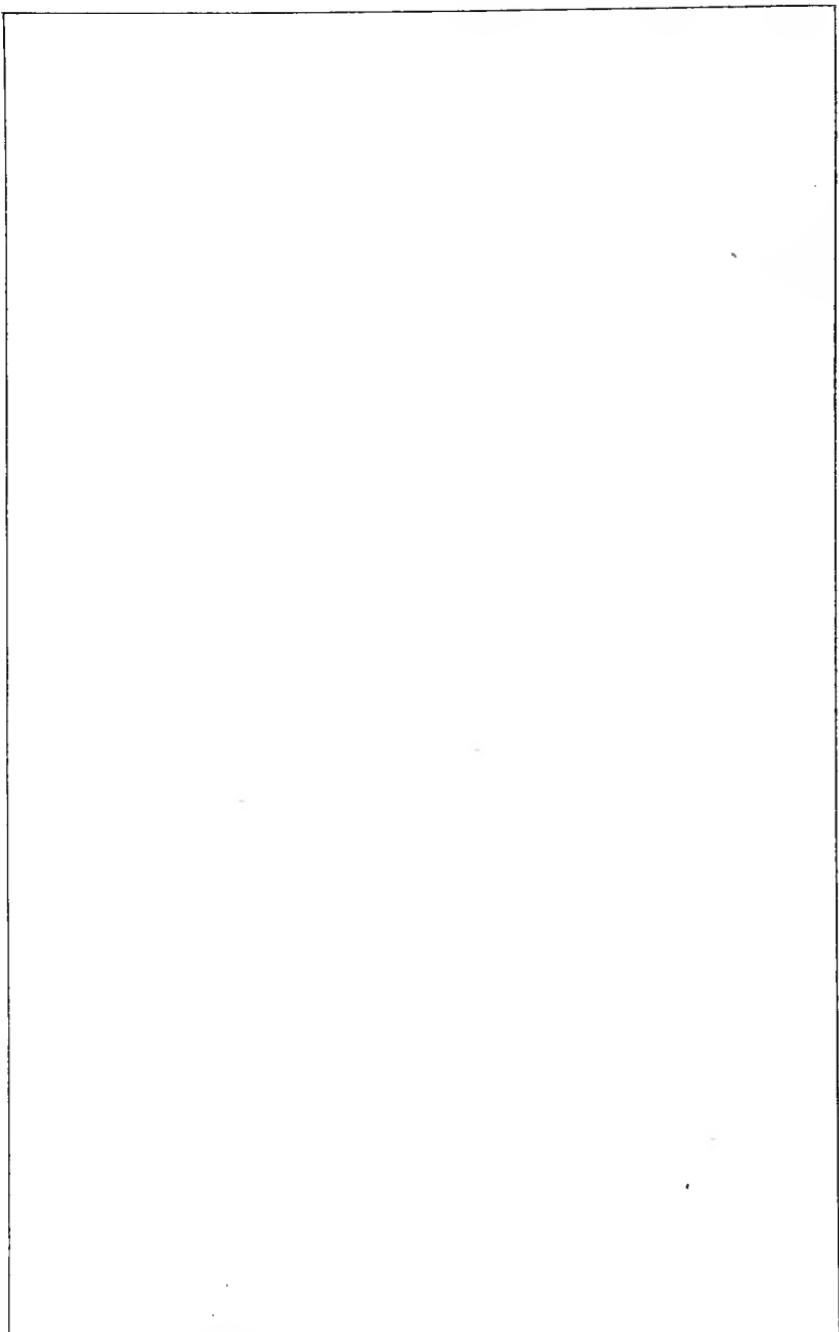
As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by  
his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on  
the Banck-side.

By William ~~Shakespeare~~ Shakespeare.



Imprinted at London for *Henry Goffin*, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in  
Pater-noster row, &c.

1609.





# The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

Enter Gower.

O sing a Song that old was sung,  
 From ashes, auntient Gower is come,  
 Assuming mans infirmities,  
 To glad your eare, and please your eyes :  
 It hath been sung at Feastiuals,  
 On Ember eues, and Holydayes :  
 And Lords and Ladyes in their liues,  
 Haue red it for restoratiuies :  
 The purchase is to make men glorious,  
*Et bonum quo Antiquiss eo melius :*  
 If you, borne in those latter times,  
 When Witts more ripe, accept my riines ;  
 And that to heare an old man sing,  
 May to your Wishes pleasure bring :  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like Taper light.  
 This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,  
 Buylt vp this Citie, for his chiefest Seat ;  
 The fayrest in all *Syria*.  
 I tell you what mine Authors saye :  
 This King vnto him tooke a Peere,  
 Who dyed, and left a female heyre,  
 So bucksome, blith, and full of face  
 As heauen had lent her all his grace :  
 With whom the Father liking tooke,  
 And her to Incest did prouoke :  
 Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne

A 2.

To

I.

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I. *The Play of*

To euill, should be done by none :  
 But custome what they did begin,  
 Was with long vse, account'd no sinne ;  
 The beautie of this sinfull Dame,  
 Made many Princes thither frame,  
 To seeke her as a bedfellow,  
 In maryage pleasures, playfellow :  
 Which to prevent, he made a Law,  
 To keepe her still, and men in awe :  
 That who so askt her for his wife,  
 His Riddle tould, not lost his life :  
 So for her many of wight did die,  
 As yong grimme lookees do testifie.  
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye,  
 I give my cause, who best can iustifie.

*Exit.*

Li.

*Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.*

*Anti.* Young Prince of Tyre, you haue at large receiu'd  
 The danger of the taske you vndertake.

*Peri.* I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned  
 With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,  
 In this enterprise.

*Ant.* Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
 For embracements even or *Ion* himselfe ;  
 At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,  
 Nature this dowry gaue ; to glad her presence,  
 The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,  
 To knit in her, their best perfections.

*Enter Antiochus daughter.*

*Per.* See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,  
 Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,  
 Of euery Virtue giues renoune to men :  
 Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,  
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,  
 Sorrow were ener racte, and teastie wrath  
 Could never be her milde companion.

You

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue;  
 That haue enflamde desire in my breast,  
 To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,  
 (Or die in thi aduenture) be my helpe,  
 As I am sonae and servant to your will,  
 To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

*Anti. Prince Pericles.*

*Peri. That would be sonne to great Antiochus.*

*Ant. Before thee standes this faire Hippomedes,*  
 With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht :  
 For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard :  
 Herface like Heaven, inticeth thee to view  
 Her countlesse glory ; which desert must gaine :  
 And which without desert, because thine eye  
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die :  
 Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,  
 Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,  
 Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,  
 That without couering, faue yon field of Starres,  
 Heere they stand Martyrs flame in Cupids Warres :  
 And with dead checkes, aduise thee to desist,  
 For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

*Per. Antiochus, I thanke thee, who hath taught,*  
 My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;  
 And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must :  
 For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,  
 Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour :  
 Ile make my Will then, and as sickemen doe,  
 Who know the World, see Heaven, but feeling woe,  
 Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
 And all good men, as every Prince should doe;  
 My ritches to the earth, from whence they came;  
 But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you :  
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

*The Play of*

Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:  
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

*Daungb.* Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous,  
Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

*Peri.* Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,  
Nor aske aduise of any other thought,  
But faythfulnesse and courage.

*The Riddle.*

*I am no Viper, yet I feed*  
*On mothers flesh which did me breed :*  
*I sought a Husband, in which labour,*  
*I found that kindnesse in a Father ;*  
*Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband milde :*  
*I, Mother, Wife ; and yet his child :*  
*How they may be, and yet in two,*  
*As you will line resolute it you.*

Sharpe Phisicke is the last : But ô you powers !  
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,  
Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?  
Faire Glasse of light, I lou'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill :  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,  
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,  
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.  
You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes ;  
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musickie,  
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken :  
But being playd vpon before your time,  
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime :  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, vpon thy life ;  
For that's an Article within our Law,  
As dangerous as the rest : your time's expir'd,  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Peri.*

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Li.

Peri. Great King,

Few loue to heare the finnes they loue to act,  
 T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it :  
 Who has a booke of all that Monarchs doc,  
 Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne.  
 For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,  
 Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe ;  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,  
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see cleare :  
 To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes  
 Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd  
 By mans oppression, and the poore Worme doth die for't :  
 Kinges are earths Gods ; in vice, their law's their will :  
 And if *lone* stray, who dares say, *lone* doth ill :  
 It is enough you know, and it is fit ;  
 What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.  
 All loue the Wombe that their first beeing bred,  
 Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:

*Ant.* Heauen, that I had thy head, he ha's found the mea-  
 But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,  
 Though by the tenour of your strict edict,  
 Your exposition misinterpreting,  
 We might proceed to counsell of your dayes ;  
 Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree  
 As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise ;  
 Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,  
 If by which time, our secret be yndone,  
 This mercy shewes, wee'le ioy in such a Sonne :  
 And vntill then, your entertaine shall bee  
 As doth befit our honour and your worth.

*Manet Pericles solus.*

Peri. How courtesie would seeme to couer finne,  
 When what is done, is like an hipocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 Ifit be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certaine you were not so bad,  
 As with foule Incest to abuse your soule :

Where

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Li

*The Play of*

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,  
 By your vntimely clasplings with your Child;  
 (Which pleasures fittes a husband,not a father)  
 And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,  
 By the defiling of her Parents bed,  
 And both like Serpents are ; who though they feed  
 On sweetest Flowers,yet they Poyson breed.  
*Antioch* farewell, for Wisedome sees those men,  
 Blush not in actions blacker then the night,  
 Will shew no course to keepe them from the light :  
 One sinne(I know)another doth prouoke ;  
 Murther's as neere to Lust,as Flame to Smoake :  
 Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,  
 I, and the targets to put off the shame,  
 Then least my life be cropt,to keepe you cleare,  
 By flight,Ile shun the danger which I feare.

*Exit**Enter Antiochus.*

*Anti.* He hath found the meaning,  
 For which we meane to haue his head :  
 He must not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,  
 Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne.  
 In such a loathed manner :  
 And therefore instantly this Prince must die,  
 For by his fall,my honour must keepe hie.  
 Who attends vs there?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thali.* Doth your highnes call ?

*Antio.* Thaliard, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,  
 And our minde pertakes her priuatactions,  
 To your secrecie ; and for your faythfulnes,  
 We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard* :  
 Behold,heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold :  
 Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him ;  
 It fittes thee not to aske the reason why ?  
 Because we bid it : say, is it done ?

*Thali.* My Lord, tis done.

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.**Enter a Messenger.**Ant.* Enough. Let your breath coole your scelse, telling  
your haste.*Mess.* My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.*Antin.* As thou wilst liue flie after, and like an arrow shot  
from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth  
leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnllesse thou say Prince *Pe-  
rioles* is dead.*Thal.* My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols  
length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your  
highnesse.*Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my heads.*Enter Pericles with his Lords.**Pe.* Let none disturb vs, why shold this chāge of thoughts  
The sad companion dull eyde melancholic,  
By me so vsde a guest, as not an houre  
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,  
The tombe where griefe shoud sleepe can breed me quiet,  
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,  
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,  
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,  
Yet neither pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,  
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,  
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,  
That haue their first conception by misdread,  
Haue after nourishment and life, by care  
And what was first but feare, what might be done,  
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done,  
And so with me the great *Antiochus*,  
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,  
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,  
Nor bootes it me to say, I honour,  
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

And what may make him blussh in being knowne,  
 Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,  
 With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,  
 And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,  
 Amazement shall driue courage from the state,  
 Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,  
 And subiects punish't that ne're thought offence,  
 Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,  
 Who once no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,  
 Makes both my bodie pine, and soule to languish,  
 And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter all the Lords to Pericles.*

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.
2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs  
peacefull and comfortable.

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue,  
 They doe abuse the King that flatter him,  
 For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,  
 The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,  
 To which that sparke giues heate, and stronger  
 Glowing, whereas reprooфе obedient and in order,  
 Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,  
 When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,  
 He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.  
 Prince paardon me, or strike me if you please,  
 I cannot be much lower then my knees.

*Per.* All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke,  
 What shippynge, and what ladings in our hauen,  
 And then returne to vs, *Hellicans* thou hast  
 Mouede vs, what seeſt thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angrie brow, dread Lord.

*Per.* If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,  
 How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

From whence they haue their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from  
*Hel.* I haue ground the Axe my selfe, (thee.  
 Doe but you strike the blowe.

*Per.* Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,  
 I thanke thee fort, and haue forbid  
 That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.  
 Fit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,  
 Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy seruant,  
 What wouldst thou haue me doe?

*Hel.* To beare with patience such grieves as you your  
 selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

*Per.* Thou spekest like a Physition *Hellicanus*,  
 That ministers a potion vnto me:  
 That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,  
 Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,  
 Whereas thou knowest against the face of death,  
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,  
 From whence an issue I might propogate,  
 Are armes to Princes, and bring ioies to subiects,  
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,  
 The rest harke in thine eare, as blacke as incest,  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
 Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowest this,  
 Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.  
 Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,  
 Vnder the couering of a carefull night,  
 Who seemid my good protector, and being here,  
 Bethought what was past, what might succeed,  
 I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare  
 Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares,  
 And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,  
 That I should open to the listning ayre,  
 How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,  
 To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,

I.ii.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,  
 When all for mine, if I may call offence,  
 Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,  
 Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,  
 Who now reproudst me fort.

*Hele.* Alas sir.

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eies, blood frō my checkes,  
 Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came,  
 And finding little comfort to relieue them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

*Hele.* Well my Lord, since you haue giuen mee leue to  
 Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare, (speake,  
 And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,  
 Who either by publike warre, or priuat treason,  
 Will take away your life: therfore my Lord, go trauell for  
 a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-  
 stinies doe cut his thred of life: your rule direct to anie,  
 if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

*Per.* I doe not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hele.* Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,  
 From whence we had our being, and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*  
 Intend my trauaile, where Ile haue from thee,  
 And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,  
 The care I had and haue of subiects good,  
 On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can beare it,  
 Ile take thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,  
 Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.  
 But in our orbs will liue so round, and safe,  
 That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,  
 Thou shewdst a subiects shine, I a true Prince.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Thaliard solus.*

So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere must I kill  
King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at  
home : tis daungerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellowe, and had good  
discretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee woulde of the  
King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't : for if a  
king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the inden-  
ture of his oath to bee one.

Hush, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with  
other Lords.*

*Hell.* You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*,  
further to question mee of your kings departure : his sea-  
led Commission left in trust with mee, does speake suffi-  
ciently hee's gone to trauaile.

*Thaliard.* How? the King gone?

*Hell.* If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it  
were vnlicensed of your loues) he would depart? He giue  
some light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

*Tbal.* What from *Antioch*?

*Hell.* Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not,  
ooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'de so: and  
doubting least hee had err'de or sinn'de, to sliue his sorrow,  
hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe vnto the Ship-  
mans toyle, with whome eache minute threatens life or  
death.

*Thaliard.* Well, I perceiue I shall not be hang'd now,  
although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings seas  
must please: hee scap'te the Land to perish at the Sea, I'le  
present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

B 3.

Lord

Liii.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come with message vnto princely *Pericles*, but since my landing, I haue vnderstood your Lord has betake himselfe to vnknowne trauailles, now message must returne from whence it came.

*Hest.* Wee haue no reason to desire it, commended to our maister not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

Liv.

Enter *Cleon* the Gouvernour of *Tharsus*, with his wife and others.

*Cleon.* My *Dyoniza* shall wee rest vs heere,  
And by relating tales of others griefes,  
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

*Dion.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,  
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?  
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:  
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,  
Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischies eyes,  
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.

*Cleon.* O *Dyoniza*,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,  
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?  
Our toungs and sorrowes to sound deepe:  
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.  
Till toungs fetch breath that may proclaime  
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while  
Their creatures want, they may awake  
Their helpers, to comfort them.  
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,  
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

*Dyoniza.* Ile doe my best Syr. (ment,

*Cleon.* This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouerne-  
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:  
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clouds,  
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,  
Whose men and dames so jettred and adorn'de,  
Like one anothers glasse to triun them by,  
Their tables were ston'de full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feede on as delight,  
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,  
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

*Dion.* O tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heauen can doe by this our change,  
These mouthes who but of late, earth sea, and ayre,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,  
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,  
Those pallats who not yet too fauers younger,  
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,  
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,  
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are readie now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,  
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wifc,  
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.  
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:  
Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,  
Haue scarce strength left to give them buryall.

Is not this true?

*Dion.* Our cheeke and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

*Cle.* O let those Cities that of plenties cup,  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riotz heare these teares,  
The miseric of *Tharsius* may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Wheres the Lord Gouernour?

*Cle.* Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst  
in

I.iv.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

in haft, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

60 *Lord.* Wee haue descryed vpon our neighbouring shore, a portlie saile of ships make hitherward.

*Cleon.* I thought as much.

64 One sorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,  
That may succede as his inheritor:

And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,

Taking aduantage of our miserie,

72 That stuff't the hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat vs downe, the which are downe alreadie,  
And make a conquest of vnhappy mee,  
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

*Lord.* That's the least feare.

76 For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

78 *Cleon.* Thou speakest like himnes vttered to repeat  
Who makes the fairest shewe, meanes most deceipt.

82 But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need wee leauue our grounds the lowest?

86 And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heire, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

90 *Lord.* I goe my Lord.

94 *Cleon.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist,  
If warres, wee are vnable to resist.

*Enter Pericles with attendants.*

98 *Per.* Lord Gouvernour, for so wee heare you are,  
Let not our Ships and number of our men,  
Be like a beacon fier'dé, t'amaze your eyes,  
Wee haue heard your miseries as farre as Tyre,  
And scene the desolation of your streets,  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your teares,  
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,  
And these our Ships you happily may thinke,

Arc

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Are like the Trojan Horse, was stuf within  
With bloody veines expe&ting ouerthrow,  
Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,  
And gine them life, whom hunger-staru'd halfe dead.

*Omnes.* The Gods of *Greece* protect you,  
And wee'le pray for you.

*Per.* Arise I pray you, rise; we do not looke for reuerence,  
But for loue and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

*Cleon.* The which when any shall not gratisic,  
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,  
Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our selues,  
The Curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:  
Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be scene:  
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

*Peri.* Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,  
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower.*

Heere haue you seene a mightie King,  
His child I'w is to incest bring:  
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,  
That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:  
Be quiet then as men should bee,  
Till he hath past necessitie:  
I'le shew you those in troubles raignes,  
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:  
The good in conuersation,  
To whom I giue my benizon:  
Is still at *Tharsill*, where each man,  
Thinkes all is writ, he spoken can:  
And to remember what he does,  
Build his Statue to make him glorious:  
But tidinges to the contrarie,  
Are brought you'reyes, what need speake I.

C.

*Dambe*

*The Play of**Dombes shew.*

Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the traine  
 with them : Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a  
 Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewer the Letter to Cleon,  
 Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him:  
 Exit Pericles at one dore, and Cleon at an other.

Good Helicon that stayde at home,  
 Not to eate Hony like a Drone,  
 From others labours; for though he striaue  
 To killen bad, keepe good aliuue :  
 And to fulfill his prince desire,  
 Sau'd one of all, that haps in Tyre :  
 How Thalami came fuli bent with sinne,  
 And had intent to murder him ;  
 And that in Tharsis was not best,  
 Longer for him to make his rest :  
 He doing so, put foorth to Seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease,  
 For now the Wind begins to blow,  
 Thunder aboue, and deepes below,  
 Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,  
 Should house him safe ; iswrackt and split,  
 And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,  
 By Waues, from coast to coast is tost :  
 All perishen of man, of pelfe,  
 Ne ought escapend but himselfe ;  
 Till Fortune tur'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him a shire, to gine him glad :  
 And heere he comes : what shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower, this long's the text.

*Enter Pericles wette.*

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,  
 Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man.  
 Is but a substance that must yeld to you :  
 And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

**Alasse**

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,  
Wash me from shore to shore, and left my breath  
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:  
Let it suffice the greatnessse of your powers,  
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;  
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,  
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

*Enter three Fisher-men.*

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away theNets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you Maister?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now :

Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,  
That were cast away before vs euen now.

1. Alasse poore soules, it grieued my heart to heare,  
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,  
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,  
When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?  
They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh :  
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.  
Maister, I maruell how the Fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land ;  
The great ones eate vp the little ones :  
I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,  
As to a Whale ; a playes and tumbles,  
Dryuing the poore Fry before him,  
And at last, deuowre them all at a mouthfull :  
Such Whales haue I heard on, a' th land,  
Who never leaue gaping, till they swallow'd  
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

*Peri. A prettie morall.*

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,  
I would haue been that day in the belfrie.

2. Why, Man?

C 2.

1. Because

III.

*The Play of*

1. Because he shoulde haue swallowed mee too,  
 And when I had been in his belly,  
 I would haue kept such a iangling of the Belles,  
 That he shoulde never haue left,  
 Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:  
 But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

*Per. Simonides?*

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,  
 That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

*Per.* How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,  
 These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,  
 And from their watry empire recollect,  
 All that may men approue, or men detect.

Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you  
 Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after <sup>it</sup>

*Peri.* May see the Sea harh cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,  
 To cast thee in our way?

*Per.* A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,  
 In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball  
 For them to play vpon, intreats you pittie him:  
 Hee askes of you, that never vs'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?  
 Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,  
 Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

*Peri.* I never practizde it.  
 2. Nay then thou wilst starue sure: for heer's nothing to  
 be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;  
 But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:  
 A man throng d vp with cold, my Veines are chill,  
 And haue no more of life then may suffize,  
 To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:  
 Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
 For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

1. *Die*

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

II.i.

1. Die, ke-tha ; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne  
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme : now afore mee a  
handsome fellow : Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'le  
haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more ; or  
Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend : You sayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?

Then Ile turne Crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are you Beggars whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your Beggars  
were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle :  
But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you sir ; doe you know vvhile yee are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cal'd *Pantapoles*,  
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be cal'd,  
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from  
His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment.  
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes iourney : And Ile tell you,  
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,  
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of  
the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,  
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may : and what a man can  
not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

*Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.*

2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hanges in the Net,  
Like a poore mans right in the law : t'will hardly come out.  
Ha bote on't, tis come at last ; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

C 3.

Per. An

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†

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124

*The Play of*

*Per.* An Armour friends ; I pray you let me see it?  
 \* Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crossles,  
 128 Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe :  
 And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,  
 Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,  
 With this strict charge euen as he left his life,  
 132 Keepe it in *Percytes*, it hath been a Shield  
 Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,  
 For that it fau'd me, keepe it in like necessitie :  
 \* The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee :  
 136 It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,  
 Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,  
 138 Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue giuen't againe :  
 I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,  
 140 Since I haue heare my Father gaue in his Will

1. What meane you sir?

*Peri.* To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,  
 For it was sometyme Target to a King ;  
 144 I know it by this marke : he loued me dearely,  
 And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it ;  
 And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,  
 Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman :  
 148 And if that euer my low fortune's better,  
 149 Ile pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

*Peri.* Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.  
 152 1. Why do'e take it : and the Gods giue thee good an't.  
 2. I but harke you my friend, t'was wee that made vp  
 this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters :  
 156 there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes : I hope  
 sir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had  
 them.

*Peri.* Beleeue't, I will :

160 By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,  
 And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,  
 This Iewell holdes his buylding on my arme :  
 \* Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe

Vpon

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Ili.

#164

**V**pon a Courser, whose delight steps,  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread ;  
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprovided of a paire of Bases.

2. **W**ee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue  
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;  
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

**P**ers. Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,  
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

168

172

III

*Enter Simonydes, with attendaunce, and Thaïs.*

**K**mg. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. **L**ord. They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,  
To present themselues.

**K**ing. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,  
In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,  
Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,  
Formen to see; and seeing, woonder at.

**T**haïs. It pleaseth you (my royll Father) to expresse  
My Comendations great, whose merit's lesse.

**K**mg. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are  
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe :  
As Jewels loose their glory, if neglected,  
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected :  
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine  
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

**T**haïs. Which to preserue mine honour, I'le performe.

4

7

9

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16

*The first Knight passes by.*

**K**ing. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

**T**haïs. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father)  
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,  
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne :  
The word : *Lux tua vita mibi.*

20

**K**ing. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

*The second Knight.*

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

**T**ha. A

II.ii

*The Play of*

24 *Thas.* A Prince of *Macedon* (my royll father)  
 And the deuic che beares vpon his Shield,  
 Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:  
 The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue per doleera kee per forsa.*

\* 3. *Knight.* *Kin.* And with the third?

28 *Thas.* The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,  
 A wreath of Chiually: the word: *Mc Pompey prouexit apex.*

\* 4. *Knight.* *Kin.* What is the fourth,

32 *Thas.* A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;  
 The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

*Kin.* Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,  
 Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

36 *s. Knight.* *Thas.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,  
 Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone triide:  
 The motto thus: *Sic spe&t and a fides.*

40 *6. Knight.* *Kin.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,  
 The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

✓ *Thas.* Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is  
 A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,  
 The motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

*Kin.* A pretty morrall frō the deiefted state wherein he is,  
 He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

48 *1. Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew  
 Can any way speake in his iust commend:  
 For by his rustie outside he 2ppeare,  
 To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

52 *2. Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes  
 To an honour'd tryumph, strangly furnisht.

55 *3. Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust  
 Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

57 *Kin.* Opinion's but a foole, that makcs vs scan  
 The outward habit, by the inward man.

But stay, the Knights are comming,  
 We will with-draw into the Gallerie

*Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

II.iii.

*Enter the King and Knights from Tylting.*

*King.* Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.  
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,  
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,  
Since every worth in shew commends it selfe :  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.  
You are Princes, and my guestes.

\*  
\*

8

*Tha.* But you my Knight and guest,  
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,  
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

12

*Peri.* Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

\*

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is your,  
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it :  
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed,  
And you are her labourd scholler : come Queene a th'feast,  
For (Daughter) so you are ; heere take your place :  
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

15

76

18

19

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

21

*King.* Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,  
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

22

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

24

*Peri.* Some other is more fit.

\*

*1. Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,  
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

26

*Peri.* You are right courtious Knights.

28

*King.* Sit sir, sit.

\*

By loue (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,  
These Cates resift mee, hee not thought vpon.

28

*Tba.* By Juno (that is Queene of mariage)  
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauery,  
Wishing him my meat : sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

32

*King.* Hee's but a countrie Gentleman, ha's done no more  
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,

D

Or

*The Play of*

**Or so ; so let it passe.**

*Tha.* To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

*Peri.* You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,  
Which tels in that glory once he was,  
Had Princes sit like Starres about his Throane,  
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;  
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,  
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,  
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,  
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

*King.* What, are you merry, Knights?

*Knights.* Who can be other, in this royll presence.

*King.* Heere, with a Cup that's stir'd vnto the brim,  
As do you loue, fill to your Misstris lippes,  
Wee drinke this health to you.

*Knights.* We thanke your Grace.

*King.* Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melan-  
As if the entertainement in our Court, (choly,  
Had not a shew might counteruaille his worth :  
Note it not you, *Tbaia*.

*Tha.* What is't to me, my father ?

*king.* O attend my Daughter,  
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,  
Who freely giue to every one that come to honour them :  
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:  
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,  
Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

*Tha.* Alas my Father, it befits not mee,

Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,  
He may my profer take for an offence,  
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.

*king.* How? doe as I bid you, or you'le mooue me else.

*Tha.* Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

*king.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*king.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him  
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

*Tha.* The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.

*Peri.* I thanke him.

*Tha.* Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.

*Peri.* I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Tha.* And further, he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

*Peri.* A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,  
My education beene in Artes and Armes :  
Who looking for aduentures in the world,  
Was by the rough Seas rest of Ships and men,  
and after shipwracke, drien vpon this shore.

*Tha.* He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,  
A Gentleman of *Tyre* : who onely by misfortune of the seas,  
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.

*king.* Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time which lookest for other reuels;  
Euen in your Armoires as you are addrest,  
Will well become a Souldiers daunce :  
I will not haue excuse with saying this,  
Lowd Musick is too harsh for Ladys heads,  
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.

*They daunce.*  
So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd.  
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,  
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,  
Are excellent in making Ladys trippe;  
And that their Measures are as excellent.

*Peri.* In those that praetize them, they are (my Lord.)  
*king.* Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed  
Of your faire courtesie : vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

*They daunce.*  
Thankes Gentlemen to all, all haue done well;  
But you the best : Pages and lights, to conduct

D 2.

These

II.iii

*The Play of*

These Knights vnto their severall Lodgings :  
 Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

112 *Peri.* I am at your Graces pleasure.+  
114 Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,  
 And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:  
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest,  
 To morrow all for speeding do their best.

II.iv

*Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.*

*Hell.* No Escanes, know this of mee,  
 Antiochus from incest liued not free :  
 For which the most high Gods not minding,  
 Longer to with-hold the vengeance that  
 They had in store, due to this heynous  
 Capitall offence, euen in the height and pride  
 Of all his glory, when he was feated in  
 A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter  
 With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld  
 Up those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stounke,  
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
 Scorne now their hand should give them buriall.

12 *Escanes.* T'was very strange.+ 10 *Hell.* And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,  
 His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,  
 But sinne had his reward.16 *Escan.* Tis very true.*Enter two or three Lords.*1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,  
 Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieue, without reprofe.3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not seconde it.1. *Lord.* Follow me then : Lord *Hellicane*, a word.*Hell.* With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.24 1. *Lord.* Know, that our grieves are risen to the top,  
 And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.*Hell.* Your grieves, for what?

Wrong

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

II.iv.

Wrong not your Prince, you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,  
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :  
If in the world he liue, wee'l seeke him out :  
If in his Graue he rest, wee'l find him there,  
And be resolued he liues to gonerne vs:  
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funerall,  
And leaue vs to our free election.

28

2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our sensure,  
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,  
Like goodly Buylings left without a Roofe,  
Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe,  
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,  
Wee thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

32

*Omnes.* Liue noble *Hellcane*.

*Hell.* Try honours cause ; forbeare your suffrages :  
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,  
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,  
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)  
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you  
To forbeare the absence of your King ;  
If in which time expir'd, he not returne,  
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake :  
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,  
Goe search like nobles, like noble subiects,  
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,  
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,  
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

37

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld :  
And since Lord *Hellcane* enioyneth vs,  
We with our trauels will endeauour.

42

*Hell.* Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'lle claspe hands :  
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

47

*Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,*  
*the Knights meeete him.*

52

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simoniides*.

D 3.

*king.*

II.v.

*The Play of*

*King.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelue-month, shee'l not vndertake  
A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,  
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.

*2. Knight.* May we not get accessse to her (my Lord?)  
*king.* Fayth, by no meanes, she hath so strictly  
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:  
One twelue Moones more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuerie:  
This by the eye of *Cmthya* hath she vowed,  
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.

*3. knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.

*king.* So, they are well dispatcht:  
Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,  
Shee'l wedde the stranger Knight,  
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.  
Tis well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:  
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no.  
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer  
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,  
I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Peri.* All fortune to the good *Symonides*.

*King.* To you as much: Sir, I am behoulding to you  
For your sweete Musickes this last night:  
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fedde  
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.

*Peri.* It is your Graces pleasure to command,  
Not my desert.

*king.* Sir, you are Musickes maister.

*Peri.* The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)

*king.* Let me aske you one thing:  
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?

*Peri.* A most vertuous Princeesse.

*king.* And she is faire too, is she not?

*Peri.* As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.

*king.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*king.* Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,  
I so well, that you must be her Maister,  
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

*Peri.* I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.

*king.* She thinkes not so: peruse this writing else.

*Peri.* What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of Tyre?  
Tis the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:  
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,  
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,  
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*king.* Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,  
And thou art a villaine.

*Peri.* By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought  
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my a<sup>t</sup>ions  
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,  
Or your displeasure.

*king.* Traytor, thou lyest.

*Peri.* Traytor?

*king.* I, traytor.

*Peri.* Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,  
That calls me Traytor, I returne the lye.

*king.* Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.

*Peri.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That neuer relisht of a base discsent:  
I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,  
And not to be a Rebell to her state:  
And he that otherwise accountes of mee,  
This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemie.

*king.* No? heere comes my Daughter, she can witnesse it.

*Enter Thaïs.*

*Peri.* Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,  
Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue  
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe  
To any fillable that made loue to you?

*Thaïs.* Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?

At

*The Play of*

At that, would make me glad?

*King.* Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?

I am glad on't with all my heart,

Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection.

*Aside.*

Will you not, hauing my consent,

Bestow your loue and your affections,

Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,

May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

*Aside.*

As great in blood as I my selfe:

Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame

Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;

Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,

Man and wife: nay come, your hands,

And lippes must seale it too: and being ioynd,

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further grieve:

God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?

*Tha.* Yes, if you loue me sir?

*Pers.* Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*King.* What are you both agreed?

*Ambo.* Yes ift please your Maiestie.

*King.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wch,  
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower.*

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,  
No din but snores about the houfe,  
Made louder by the orefed breast,  
Of this most pompous maryage Feast:  
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,  
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;  
And Cricket sing at the Ouenes mouth,  
Are the blyther for their drouth:  
*Hymen* hath brought the Bride to bed,  
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,  
A Babe is moulded: be attent,

And

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

III.

And Time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly each,  
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speach.

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Enter Pericles and Symonides at one doore with attendantes,  
a Messenger meetes them, kneels and gives Pericles a letter,  
Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him,  
then enter Thaysa with child, with Lichorida a nurse,  
the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces : she and Pericles  
take leaue of her father, and depars.

By many a dearme and painefull pearch  
Of Pericles the carefull search,  
By the fower opposing Crignes,  
Which the world togeather ioynes,  
Is made with all due diligence,  
That horse and sayle and hie expence,  
Can steed the quest at last from Tyre:  
Fame answering the most strange enquire,  
To th' Court of King Symonides,  
Are Letters brought, the tenour these :  
Antiochus and his daughter dead,  
The men of Tyrus, on the head  
Of Helycanus would set on  
The Crowne of Tyre, but he will none :  
The mutanie, hee there hastes t'opprese,  
Says to'em, if King Pericles  
Come not home in twise fixe Moones,  
He obedient to their doomes,  
Will take the Crowne : the summe of this,  
Brought hither to Penlapolis,  
Iranyshed the regions round,  
And every one with claps can sound,  
Our heyre apparant is a King :  
Who drcamp't who thought offsuch a thing ?  
Briefe he must hence depart to Tyre,  
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

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Which

III.

*The Play of*

Which who shall crosse along to goe,  
 Omit we all their dole and woe :  
*Lichorsda* her Nurse she takes,  
 And so to Sea; their vessell shakes,  
 On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,  
 Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mou'd,  
 Varies againe, the grifled North  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That as a Ducke for life that diues,  
 So vp and downe the poore Ship drives .  
 The Lady shreckes, and wel-a-neare,  
 Do's fall in trauayle with her feare :  
 And what ensues in this fell storme,  
 Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :  
 I will relate, a[n]ction may  
 Conueniently the rest conuay ;  
 Which might not ? what by me is told,  
 In your imagination hold :  
 This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke  
 The seas tost *Pericles* appeares to speake.

III.

*Enter Pericles a Shipboard.*

*Peri.* The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that hast  
 Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse ;  
 Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô still  
 Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench  
 Thy nimble sulphirous flashes : ô How *Lichorsda* !  
 How does my Queene ? then storme venomously,  
 Wilt thou speat all thy selfe ? the sea-mans Whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the eares of death.  
 Vnheard *Lichorsda* ! *Lucina*, oh !  
 Diuinest patroneesse, and my wife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, conuey thy deitie  
 Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues  
 Of my Queenes trauayles : now *Lichorsda*.

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

III.i.

*Enter Lychorida.*

*Lychor.* Heere is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe :  
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

16

*Per.* How? how *Lychorida*?

*Lycbo.* Patience (good sir) do not assit the storne,  
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;  
A little Daughter : for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

20

*Per.* O you Gods !

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,  
And snatch them straight away? we heere below,  
Recall not what we giue, and therein may  
Vse honour with you.

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*Lycho.* Patience (good sir) euen for this charge.

*Per.* Now mylde may be thy life,  
For a more blusterous birth had never Babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for  
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,  
That euer was Princes Child : happy what follows,  
Thou hast as chiding a nativitie,  
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,  
To harould thee from the wombe :  
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can  
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:  
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

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*Enter two Saylers.*

*1. Sayl.* What courage sir? God sauе you.

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*Per.* Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,  
It hath done to me the worst : yet for the loue  
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

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*1. Sayl.* Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?

Blow and split thy selfe.

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*2. Sayl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow  
Kissthe Moone, I care not.

E 2.

*1. Sayl.* Sir

*The Play of*

1. Sir your Queenc must ouer board, the sea workes hie,  
 The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship  
 Be cleard of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued,  
 And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,  
*Per.* As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight;  
 Most wretched Queene.

*Lychor.* Heere shelyes fir.

*Peri.* A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,  
 No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements;  
 Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time  
 To give thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight;  
 Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,  
 Where for a monument vpon thy bones,  
 The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale  
 And humming Water must oreweline thy corpes,  
 Lying with siniple shels: ô *Lychorida*,  
 Bid *Nefor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,  
 My Casket, and my Jewels; and bid *Nscander*  
 Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe  
 Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Christ beneath the hatches,  
 Caulkt and bittumed ready.

*Peri.* Ithanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tharsus*.

*Peri.* Thither gentle Mariner,  
 Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

*Peri.* O make for *Tharsus*,  
 There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe  
 Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it  
 At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,  
 Ile bring the body preftently.

*Exiſ.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.**Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant.**Cery. Phylemon, hoe.**Enter Phylemon.**Phyl. Doth my Lord call?**Cery. Get Fire and meat for these poore men,  
T'as been a turbulent and stormie night.**Serv. I haue been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I neare endured.**Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,  
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,  
That can recouer him: give this to the Pothecary,  
And tell me how it workes.**Enter two Gentlemen.**1. Gent. Good morrow.**2. Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship,**Cery. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?**1. Gent. Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,  
Shooke as the earth did quake:  
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:  
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.**2. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early,  
Tis not our husbandry.**Cery. O you say well.**1. Gent. But I much maruaile that your Lordship,  
Hauing rich tire about you, should at these early howers,  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange.  
Nature should be so conuerstant with Paine,  
Being thereto not compelled.**Cery. I hold it euer Virtue and Cunning,  
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;  
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;  
But Immortalitie attendes the former,  
Making a man a god:**Tis knowne, Ieuer haue studied Physicke:  
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,**E. 3.**I haue*

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*The Play of*

I haue togeather with my practize, made famyliar,  
 To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels  
 In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the  
 Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;  
 which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight  
 Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or  
 Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,  
 To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour has through *Ephesus*,  
 Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call them selues,  
 Your Creatures; who by you, haue been restored ;  
 And not your knowledge, your personall payne,  
 But euen your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,  
 Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

*Enter two or three with a Chest.*

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shore  
 This Chest ; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. Gent. Tis like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What ere it be, tis a woondrous heauie ;  
 Wrench it open straight :  
 If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,  
 Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulk't & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp ?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open soft, it smels most sweetly in my sense.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill : so, vp with it.

Oh you most potent Gods ! what's here, a Corse ?

2. Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreasured  
 with full bagges of Spices, a Palport to *Apollo*, perfect mee  
 in the Characters :

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

*Here I give to understand,  
Ifers this Coffin drives aland;  
I King Pericles haue lost  
This Queene, worth all our musdaine cost :  
Who finds her, giue her burying,  
She was the Daughter of a King :  
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,  
The Gods requit his charitie.*

If thou liuest Pericles, thou hast a heart,  
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2.Gent. Most likely sir.

*Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks.  
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.  
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,  
Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet  
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits :  
I heard of an Egyprian that had 9.howers lien dead,  
Who was by good applyaunce recovered.*

*Enter one with Napkins and Fire.  
Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and  
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you:  
The Violl once more; how thou sturr'st thou blocke?  
The Musick there: I pray you giue her ayre:  
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,  
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;  
She hath not been entranc'd aboue fwe howers :  
Se how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.*

1.Gent. The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,  
And sets vp your fame for euer.

*Cer. She is aliue, behold her ey-lids  
Cases to those heauenly iewels which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,  
The Diamonds of a most praysed water doth appeare,  
To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weepe.  
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you feeme to bee.*

*Shee moues.*

*Tha. O deare Diana, where am I? where's my Lord?  
What*

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## The Play of

III.ii.

What world is this?

2. Gent. Is not this strange? 1. Gent. Most rare.

Ceri. Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,  
To the next Chamber beare her: get linnen:  
Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse  
Is mortall: come, come; and *Esclapius* guide vs.They carry her away. *Exeunt omnes.*

III.iii.\*

Enter *Pericles, Artharus, with Cleon and Dionisa.*Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone, my twelue  
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a litigious peace:  
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnesse,  
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.Cle. Your shakcs offortune, though they hant you mor-  
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs. (tallyDr. O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates had pleas'd,  
you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;  
Could I rage and roar as doth the sea she lies in,  
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,  
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,  
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her  
Princely training, that she may be manere'd as she is borne.Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,  
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,  
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child  
Be thought on, if neglecion should therein make me vile,  
The common body by you reliev'd,  
Would force me to my duety: but if to that,  
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it  
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.Per. I bleeue you, your honour and your goodnes,  
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be maried,  
Madame by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,  
All vnsisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,  
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:  
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

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*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

III.iii.

*Dion.* I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere  
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

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*Peri.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cler.* Weel bring your Grace eue to the edge ath shore,  
then give you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentleſt  
winds of heauen.

36

*Peri.* I will imbrace your offer, come dearest Madame,  
O no teares *Licherida*, no teares, looke to your little Mistris,  
on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come my  
Lord.

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*Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.*

III.iv.

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*Cer.* Madam, this Letter, and ſome certainte Iewels,  
Lay with you in your Coffe, which are at your command :  
Know you the Charecter?

*Thar.* It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea I well remem-  
ber, euē on my learning time, but whether there deliue-  
red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly ſay : but ſince King  
*Pericles* my wedded Lord, I neere ſhall ſee againe, a vastall  
liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

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*Cler.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye ſpeake,  
*Dianas* Temple is not diſtant farre,  
Where you may abide till your date expire,  
Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,  
Shall there attend you.

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*Thin.* My recompence is thanks, that's all,  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. *Exit.*

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*Enter Gower.*

IV.

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,  
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſite:  
His woſfull Queene we leaue at *Epheſus*,  
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarilſe.

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Now

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,  
 Whom our fast growing scene must finde  
 At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind  
 In Musicks letters, who hath gaind  
 Of education all the grace,  
 Which makes hie both the art and place  
 Of generall wonder: but alacke  
 That monster Enuie oft the wracke  
 Of earned praise, *Marinas* life  
 Secke to take off by treasons knife,  
 And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath  
 One daughter and a full growne wench,  
 Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid  
 Hight *Philoten*: and it is said  
 For certaine in our storie, shee  
 Would euer with *Marina* bee.  
 Beet when they weaude the fleded silke,  
 With fingers long, small, white as milke,  
 Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,  
 The Cambricke which she made more sound  
 By hurting it or when too'th Lure  
 She sung, and made the night bed mute,  
 That still records with mone, or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen,  
 Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,  
 This *Philoten* contends in skill  
 With absolute *Marina*: so  
 The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow  
 Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets  
 All prayses, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as gluен, this so darkes  
 In *Philoten* all gracefull markes,  
 That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to sted,  
*Liberida* our nurse is dead,  
 And cursed *Dioniza* hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath,  
 Preft for this blow, the vnborne euent,  
 I doe commend to your content,  
 Only I carried winged Time,  
 Post one the lame feete of my rime,  
 Which never could I so conuey,  
 Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way,  
*Dioniza* does appeare,  
 With *Leonine* a murtherer.      *Exit.*

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*Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember, shou hast sworne to doo't,  
 tis but a blowe which never shall bee knowne, thou  
 canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yelde  
 thee so much profire: let not conscience which is but  
 cold, in flaming, thy loue-bosome, enflame too nicelie,  
 nor let pittie which even women haue cast off, melt thee,  
 but be a souldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will doo'r, but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the Gods should haue her.  
 Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,  
 Thou art resolute.

*Leon.* I am resolute.

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*Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.*

*Mari.* No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe  
 thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple  
 Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy  
 graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,

16

IV.i

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

borne in a tempest, when my mother dide this world to me  
is a lasting storne, whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now *Marina*, why doe yow keep alone?  
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?  
Doe not consume your bloud with sorrowing,  
Haue you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours  
Changd with this vnproufitable woe:  
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,  
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,  
And it perces and sharpens the stomacke,  
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

*Mari.* No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of your seruāt.

*Dion.* Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your  
selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee every day expect  
him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all  
reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both  
my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your best  
courses, go I pray you, walke and be clearfull once againe,  
reserue that excellent complexion, which did steale the  
eycs of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home a-  
lone.

*Mari.* Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no desire too it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe  
an houre *Leonine*, at the least, remember what I haue sed.

*Leon.* I warrant you Madam.

*Dion.* Ile leaue you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray  
walke softly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I must haue  
care of you.

*Mari.* My thanks sweete Madame, Is this wind Westerlie  
that blowes?

*Leon.* Southwest.

*Mari.* When I was borne the wind was North.

*Leon.* Waſt ſo?

*Mari.* My father, as nurſes, did neuer ſcare, but cryed  
good

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands hal-  
ling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sca that al-  
most burst the decke.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mari.* When I was borne, neuer was waues nor windes  
more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a can-  
vas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out ? and with a dropping in-  
dustrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine  
whistles, and the Maister calles and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come say your prayers,

*Mari.* What meane you ?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it,  
pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare,  
and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

*Mari.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfie my Ladie.

*Mari.* Why would shee haue mee kild now ? as I can re-  
member by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I  
neuer spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing crea-  
ture: Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Mouse, nor hurt a Fly:  
I trode vpon a worme against my will, but I wept fort. How  
haue I offended, wherein my death might yeld her anie  
profit, or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but  
doo't.

*Mari.* You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you  
are well fauoured, and your lookes foreshew you haue a  
gentle heart, I saw you latelie when you caught hurt in par-  
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do  
so now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and  
saue poore mee the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworne and will dispatch. *Enter Pirats.*

*Pirat. 1.* Hold villaine.

*Pirat. 2.* A prize, a prize.

*Pirat. 3.* Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue  
F 3 her

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

her aboord sodainly.

*Exit.*

*Enter Leonine.*

Leon. These rogueing theeues scru the great Pyram  
Valdes, and they haue scizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no  
hope shee will returne, Ile sware shees dead, and throwne  
into the Sea, but ile see further: perhappes they will but  
please themselues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if shee  
remaine  
Whome they haue rauisht, muft by mee be slaine.

*Exit.*

*Enter the shree Bawdes.*

*Pander. Boult.*

*Boult. Sir.*

*Pander.* Searche the market narrowly, *Mettehyne* is  
full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this mart  
by beeing too wenchlesse.

*Bawd.* Wee were never so much out of Creatures, we  
haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they  
can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good  
as rotten.

*Pander.* Therefore lets haue fresh ones whatere wee pay  
for them, if there bee not a conscience to be vsde in euerie  
trade, wee shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing vp of poore  
bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen.

*Boult.* I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,  
but shall I searche the market?

*Bawde.* What else man? the stufte we haue, a strong  
winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifullly sodden.

*Par-*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Pand.* Thou sayest true, ther's two vnwholesome a conscience, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadge.

*Boult.* I, shew quickly poupt him, she made him roast-meat for warmes, but I le goe searche the market.

*Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or fourre thousande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

*Bawd.* Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde?

*Pand.* Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youthes we could picke vp some prettie estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides the sore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, wilbe strong with vs for giuing ore.

*Bawd.* Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

*Pand.* As well as wee. I, and better too, wee offend worse, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

*Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.*

*Boult.* Come your wayes my maisters, you say shew's a virgin.

*Sayler.* O Sir, wee doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I haue gone through for this peece you see, if you like her so, if not I haue lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* *Boult* has shew anie qualties?

*Boult.* Shee has a goodface, speakes well, and has excellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessarie of qualties can make her be refuz'd

*Bawd.* What's her price *Boult*?

*Boult.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

56 *Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

58 + *Pand.* Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your  
60 money preseny, wife take her in, instruct her what she has  
to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

64 *Bawd.* *Boult,* take you the markes of her, the colour of  
her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her  
virginitie, and crie, He that wil giue most shal haue her first,  
such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as  
they haue beeene: get this done as I command you.

68 *Boult.* Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

72 *Mar.* Alacke that *Leonine* was so flacke, so flow, he should  
haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough  
barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my  
mother.

76 *Bawd.* Why lament you prettie one?

80 *Mar.* That I am prettie.

*Bawd.* Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

84 *Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like  
to liue.

*Mar.* The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I  
was to die.

88 *Bawd.* I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

92 *Bawd.* Yes indeed shal you, and taste Gentlemen of all  
fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of  
all complexions, what doe you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you haue mee be, and I bee not a  
woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue  
something to doe with you, come you're a young foolish  
sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

*Mar.* The Gods defend me.

*Bawd.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Baud.* If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you vp: *Boult* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cryde her through the Mark et?

*Boult.* I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

*Baud.* And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

*Boult.* Faith they listend to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watrede, and he went to bed to her verie description.

*Baud.* We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on:

*Boult.* To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres eth the hams?

*Baud.* Who, *Mounsieur Verollus*?

*Boult.* I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

*Baud.* Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

*Baud.* Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profit, where you haue most gaine, to weape that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers fel-dome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profit.

*Mari.* I vnderstand you not.

*Boult.* O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Mari.* Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your  
Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with  
warrant.

*Boult.* Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse  
if I haue bargained for the ioynt.

*Baud.* Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Baud.* Who should denie it?

144 *Come young one, I like the manner of your garments  
well.*

*Boult.* I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

148 *Baud.* *Boult,* spend thou that in the towne: report what  
a sojourner we haue, youle loose nothing by custome.  
When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good  
turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast  
the haruest out of thine owne report.

152 *Boult.* I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so a-  
wake the beds of Ecles, as my giuing out her beautie illis-  
vp the lewdly inclined, Ile bring home some to night.

*Baud.* Come your wayes, follow me.

156 *Mari.* If fires be hote, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,  
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

*Diana* ayde my purpose.

160 *Baud.* What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will  
you goe with vs?

*Exit.*

*Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.*

*Dion.* Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

*Cleon.* O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,  
the Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

*Dion.* I thinkke youle turne a chidle agen.

*Cle.*

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

*Cleon.* Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I'de  
giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much leise in bloud then  
vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth-  
ith Justice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast  
poisned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a  
kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say  
when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child?

*Dion.* That shee is dead, Nurses are not the fates to fo-  
ster it, not euer to preserue, shee dide at night, Ile say so, who  
can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and  
for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule  
play.

*Cle.* O goe too,well, well, of all the faults beneath the  
heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of  
*Tharsus* will flic hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame  
to thinke of whata noble straine you are, and of how co-  
ward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceding who euer but his approba-  
tion added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow  
from honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you  
how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being  
gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stooode betweene  
her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but  
cast their gazes on *Marianas* face, whilst ours was blurt-  
ted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day.  
It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vn-  
naturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it  
greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performid to your  
sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heauens forgiue it.

*Dion.* And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept  
after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost  
finished, & her epitaphis in glittiring golde characters expres-

G 2 a gene-

IV. viii

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence  
tis done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the Harpie,  
Which to betray,doest with thine Angells face ceaze with  
thine Eagles talents.

*Dion.* Yere like one that superstitiously,  
Doe swaere too'th Gods, that Winter kills  
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle  
doe as I aduise.

*Gower.* Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,  
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,  
Making to take our imagination,  
From bourne to bourne, region to region,  
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,  
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,  
Where our sceneas seemes to liue,  
I doe beseech you  
To learne of me who stand with gappes  
To teach you.

The stages of our storie *Pericles*  
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,  
To see his daughter all his liues delight.

*Old Helicanus* goes along behind,  
Is left to gourne it, you beare in mind.  
*Old Escenes*, whom *Helicanus* late  
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.  
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds  
Haue brought

This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought  
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone  
Like moats and shadowes, see them  
Moue a while,  
Your careas vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

IV.iv.

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, wherat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion depart.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shewe,  
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe :  
And Pericles in sorrowe all deuour'd,  
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd,  
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares  
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres :  
Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,  
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares,  
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:  
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,  
Whom bthered in her spring of yeare :  
She was of *Tyrus* the Kings daughter,  
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.  
*Marina* was shee call'd, and at her byrth,  
That is being proud, swallowed some part athe earth :  
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,  
Hath *Theris* byrth-childe on the heauens bestowed.  
Wherfore shee does and sweares shee never stint,  
Make ragging Battery upon shores of flint.  
No vizor does become blacke villanie,  
So well as soft and tender flatterie :  
Let *Pericles* beleue his daughter's dead,  
And beare his courses to be ordered ;  
By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare must play,  
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.  
In her vnholicke seruice : Patience then,  
And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin*.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.  
1. Gent. Did you euer heare the like?

G 3

Gower.

IV.v.

IV.v

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, shée beeing once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shal's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. Hee doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

IV.vi

*Enter Bawdes 3.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shée had neare come heere.

*Bawd.* Fye, fye, vpon her, shée's able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyments her fitment, and doe mee the kindeenesse of our profession, shée has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shée would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.

*Boult.* Faith I must rauish her, or shée'le disfurnish vs of all our Caualereea, and make our sweareris priests.

*Pand.* Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknes for mee.

*Bawd.* Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised.

*Boult.* Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the peeuiish baggadge would but giue way to customers.

*Enter Lysimachus.*

*Lysim.* How now, how a douzen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now the Gods to blesse your Honour.

*Boult.* I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

*Li.* You may, so t'is the better for you that your sorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniuitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon?

*Bawd.* Wee haue heere one Sir, if shée would, but there

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

there never came her like in *Meteline.* (say.

*Li.* If shee'd doe the deeds of darknes thou wouldest  
*Band.* Your Honor knows what t'is to say wel enough.

*Li.* Well, call forth, call forth.

*Band.* For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall  
see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

*Li.* What prithi?

*Band.* Q Sir, I can be modest.

*Li.* That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse  
then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Band.* Heere conies that which growes to the stalle,  
Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is shee not a faire creature?

*Ly.* Faith shee would seruaster a long voyage at Sea,  
Well theres for you, leauue vs.

*Band.* I beseeche your Honor giue me leauue a word,  
And Ile haue done presentiy.

*Li.* I beseech you doe.

*Band.* First, I would haue you note, this is an Hono-  
table man. (note him.

*Mar.* I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

*Band.* Next hees the Gouvernor of this countrey, and  
a man whom I am bound too.

*Ma.* If he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him  
indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

*Band.* Pray you without anie more virginall fencing,  
will you vse him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.

*Ma.* What hee will doe gratiously, I will thankfully  
receiue.

*Li.* Ha you done?

*Band.* My Lord shees not pac'ste yet, you must take  
some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will  
leauue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?

*Li.* Now prittie one, how long haue you beeue at this

*Ma.* What trade Sir?

*Li.* Why

32

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72

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it.

Ma. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Ma. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester  
at fise, or at seuen?

Ma. Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the house you dwell in proclaines you to  
be a Creature of sale.

Ma. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such  
resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honou-  
rable parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto  
you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and  
rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so  
stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee  
prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke  
friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:  
Comie, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put  
vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you  
worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle  
Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came,  
diseases haue bcene folde deerer then Phisicke, that the  
gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though  
they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flies i'th  
purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinketh thou couldst haue spoke so well,  
nere dremp't thou could'st, had I brought hither a cor-  
rupted minde, thy speeche had altered it, holde, heeres  
golde,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

IV.vi

gold for thee, perfeuer in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

112

*Ma.* The good Gods preserue you.

*Li.* For me be yow thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows fauor viley, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curse vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy good.

116

120

*Boult.* I beseeche your Honor one peece for me.

124

*Li.* Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

128

*Boult.* How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peeuiish chaftitic, which is not worth a breakefast in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coap, ſhall vndoe a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your

132

*Ma.* Whither would you haue mee? (wayes.

*Boult.* I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hag-man ſhal execute it, come your way, weeſe haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

136

*Enter Bawdes.*

140

*Bawd.* How now, what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse miſtris, ſhee has heere ſpoken holie words to the Lord *Lisimachus*.

*Bawd.* O abhominal.

144

*Boult.* He makes our profession as it were to ſtincke aſſore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marie hang her vp for ever.

148

*Boult.* The Noble man would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and ſhee ſent him away as colde as a Snoweball, ſaying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult take her away, vſe her at thy pleasure, crack the glaſſe of her virginitie, and make the reſt maliable.

152

H

*Boult.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

156 *Bonl.* And if shewere a thornyer peece of ground  
then shew is, shew shall be plowed.

158 *Ma.* Harke, harke you Gods.

160 *Bawd.* She coniures, away with her, would she had ne-  
uer come within my doores, Marrie hang you:shew is borne  
to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde?  
Marry come vp my dish of chaftie with rosemary & baies.

162 *Bonl.* Come mistris, come your way with mee.

164 *Ma.* Whither wilt thou haue mee?

166 *Bonl.* To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

168 *Ma.* Prithee tell mee onething first.

170 *Bonl.* Come now your one thing.

172 *Ma.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be.

174 *Bonl.* Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or ra-  
ther my mistris.

176 *Ma.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they  
doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for  
which the paindest feende of hell would not in reputation  
change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cu-  
sterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike  
fisting of euery rogue, thy care is lyable, thy foode is such  
as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

178 *Bo.* What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you?  
wher a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue  
not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

180 *Ma.* Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde re-  
ceptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture,  
to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet  
better then this: for what thou profest, a Baboone could  
he speake, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold  
safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee,  
if that thy master wold gaine by me, proclaime that I can  
sing, weave, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep  
from boast, and will vndertake all these to teache. I doubt  
not but this populous Citie will yelde manie schollers.

182 *Bonl.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

IV.vi.

*Boult.* But can you teache all this you speake of?

200

*Ma.* Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,  
And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth fre-  
quent your house.

204

*Boult.* Well I will see what I can doe for thee : if I can  
place thee I will.

208

*Ma.* But amongst honest woman.

208

*Boult.* Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,  
But since my master and mistris hath bought you, theres  
no going but by their consent : therefore I will make them  
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall  
finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what  
I can, come your wayes.

*Exeunt.*

212

V.

*Enter Gower.*

*Marina* thus the Brothellscapes, and chaunces  
Into an *Honest-houſe* our Storie layes :  
Shee sings like one immortall, and shee daunces  
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes. (ses,  
Deepe clearks slie dumb's, and with her needle compo-  
Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.  
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses  
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,  
That puples lackes she none of noble race,  
Who powre their bountie on her : and her gaine  
She giues the cursed Bawd, here wee her place,  
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,  
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,  
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'de  
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,  
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striu'de  
God *Neptunes* Annall feast to keepe, from whence  
*Lysimachus* our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,  
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

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And

V.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

20

And to him in his Barge with former hyes,  
 In your supposing once more put your sight,  
 Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barkē :  
 Where what is done in action, more if might  
 Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

24

Vi.

*Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.*

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolute you,  
 O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and  
 in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouvernour, who craues to come a-  
 boord, what is your will?

*Hell.* That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

*Hell.* Gentlemen there is some of worth would come  
 aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

*Enter Lysimachus.*

*Hell.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would  
 resolute you.

*Lyf.* Hayle reverent *Syr*, the Gods preserue you.

*Hell.* And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I  
 would doe.

*Li.* You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of  
*Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before  
 vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

*Hell.* First what is your place?

*Ly.* I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

*Hell.* *Syr* our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,  
 who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one,  
 nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his grieve.

*Li.* Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hell.* Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne  
 grieve springs frō the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

*Li.* May wee not see him?

*Hell.*

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

V.i.

*Hell.* You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight see, will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.

+

*Lys.* Behold him, this was a goodly person.

+36

*Hell.* Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

+

*Lys.* Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile roiall sir.

40

*Hell.* It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

*Lord.* Sir we haue a maid in *Mersline*, I durst wager, would win some words of him.

44

*Lys.* Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie shelter that abuts against the Islands side.

48

*Hell.* Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but wearie for the stalenesse.

52

*Lys.* O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most iust God for every graffe would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

56

*Hell.* Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

60

*Lys.* O hee's the Ladie that I sent for, Welcomme faire one, is't not a goodly present?

64

*Hell.* Shee's a gallant Ladie.

+

*Lys.* Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde  
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish  
No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed,  
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,  
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

+68

+

+

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

72# If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,  
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,  
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,  
As thy desires can wish.

76 *Mar.* Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, pro-  
uided that none but I and my companion maide be suffered  
to come neere him.

80 *Lys.* Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her pro-  
sperous. *The Song.*

84 *Lys.* Marke he your Musick?

*Mar.* No nor lookest on vs.

88 *Lys.* See she will speake to him.

*Mar.* Haile sir, my Lord lend care.

92 *Per.* Hum,ha.

96 *Mar.* I am a maid, my Lorde, that neare before iuited  
eyes, but haue beeene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks  
my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieve might equall  
yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune  
did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors,  
who stood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath  
rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward  
casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is  
something gloues vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine  
ear, go not till he speake.

100 *Per.* My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall  
mine, was it not thus, what say you?

104# *Mar.* I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage,  
you would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me,  
your like something that, what Countrey women heare of  
these shewes?

108# *Mar.* No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought  
forth, and am no other then I appeare.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my  
dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh-  
ter

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

ter might haue beeene : My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch , as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as lewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace an other Juno. Who statues the eares shee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke , you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie , it would seeme like lies disdaing in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as justice, & thou seemest a Pallas for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil beleue thee & make sensis credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede : what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good descending.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beeene lost from wrong to iniurie , and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thou-sand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues , and smiling extremitic out of aet , what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come fit by mee.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

112

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144

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou  
148 doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some  
power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and calld *Marina*?

Mar. You sed you would beleue me, but not to bee a  
troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?

Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Plr. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died  
160 the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath  
oft deliniered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame  
That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,  
164\* This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you  
bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie,  
and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleue me twere best I'd giue ore.

Per. I will beleue you by the syllable of what you shall  
deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts?  
where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,  
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,  
Did secke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,  
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,  
172 A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,  
Brought me to *Metaline*,  
But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?  
It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good sayth: I  
am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoc

## Pericles Prince of Tyre.

V.i.

*Hell.* Hoc, *Hellicanus*?

+

*Hel.* Calls my Lord.

184

*Per.* Thou art a graue and noble Counsellor,  
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this mayde  
is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee  
weepe.*Hel.* I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*,  
Speakes nobly of her.

188

*Lys.* She never would tell her parentage,  
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.*Per.* Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a  
gash, pur me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes ru-  
shing vpon me, ore-bearc the shores of my mortalitie, and  
drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,  
thou that begetst him that did thee beget,  
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,  
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,  
Downe on thy knees, thanke the hoiie Gods as loud  
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.  
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that  
for truth can never be confirm'd inough,  
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

192

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200

*Mar.* Frist sir, I pray what is your title?

+ 204

*Per.* I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell mee now my  
Drownd *Queenes* name, as in the rest you sayd,  
Thou hast beene God-like perfitt, the heirof kingdomes,  
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

208

*Ma.* Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my  
mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did  
end the minute I began.

212

*Pe.* Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.  
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not  
dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Cleon*,  
she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in  
knowledge, she is thy verie Princes, who is this?

216

220

I

*Hel.* Sir

V.i.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

224 *Hel.* Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of  
your melancholie state, did come to see you.

225 *Per.* I embrase you, giue me my robes.

226 I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens blesse my girl,  
But harke what Musicke tell, *Helicanus* my *Marina*,  
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat.  
228 How sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

230 *Hel.* My Lord I heare none.

232 *Per.* None, the Musicke of the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

234 *Lys.* It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

236 *Per.* Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

238 *Lys.* Musicke my Lord? I heare.

240 *Per.* Most heauenly Musicke.

242 It nips me vnto listning, and thicke slumber  
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

244 *Lys.* A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.  
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust  
belief, Ile well remember you.

246 *Diana.*

248 *Dia.* My Temple stands in *Epheſus*,  
Hie thee thither, and doe vpon mine Altar sacrifice,  
There when my maiden priests are met together before the  
people all, reueale how thou at sea didſt loose thy wife, to  
mourn thy croſſes with thy daughters, call, & giue them  
repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-  
uest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my siluer bow, awake and  
tell thy dreame.

252 *Per.* Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,  
I will obey thee *Helicanus*. *Hel.* Sir.

254 *Per.* My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike,  
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice firſt,  
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne fayles,  
Eftfoones Ile tell thee why, ſhall we refresh vs ſir vpon your  
shore, and giue you golde ſoſt such prouision as our in-  
tent will necede.

256 *Lys.* Sir,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Lys* Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shorc,  
I haue another sleight.

*Per.* You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for  
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

*Lys* Sir, lend me your arme.

*Per.* Come my *Marina*.

*Exeunt.*

Vi.

260

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V.ii.

*Gower.* Now our sands are almost run,  
More a little, and then dum.  
This my last boone giue mee,  
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:  
That you aptly will suppose,  
What pageantry, what feats, what showes,  
What minstrelsic, and prettie din,  
The Regent made in *Metalin*.  
To greet the King, so he thriued,  
That he is promisde to be wiued  
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,  
Till he had done his sacrifice.  
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,  
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.  
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,  
And wishes fall out as they 'r wild,  
At *Epheſus* the Temple see,  
Our King and all his companie.  
That he can hither come so foone,  
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

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V.iii.

*Per.* Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,  
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,  
Who frigted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis*, the  
faire *Thusa*, at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a  
Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom O Goddesse wears yet thy  
siluer liucrey, shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at  
fourteene yearees he sought to murder, but her better stars  
brought

4

8

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

12 brought her to *Meteline*, gainst whose shore ryding , her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs , where by her owne most cleere remembrance , shée made knowne her selfe my Daughter.

16 *Tb.* Voyce and fauour, you are, you are , O royll Pericles.

20 *Per.* What meanes the mum ? shée die's, helpe Gentlemen.

24 *Ceri.* Noble Sir , if you haue tolde *Dianes* Altar true, this is your wife?

28 *Per.* Reuerent appearer no , I threwe her ouer-boord with these verie armes.

32 *Cc.* Vpon this coast, I warrant you.

36 *Pe.* Tis most certaine.

40 *Cer.* Looke to the Ladie , O shée's but ouer-joyde, Earlie in blustering inorne this Ladie was throwne vpon this shore.

44 I op't the coffin , found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'le her heere in *Dianes* temple.

48 *Per.* May we see them ?

52 *Cer.* Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house, whither I invite you, looke *Thaifa* is recouered.

56 *Tb.* O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my sanctitie will to my sensē bende no licentious care , but curbe it spight of seeing : O my Lord are you not *Pericles* ? like him you speake, like him you are, did you not name a tempest, a birth , and death ?

60 *Per.* The voyce of dead *Thaifa*.

64 *Tb.* That *Thaifa* am I , supposed dead and drownd.

68 *Per.* I mortall *Dian*.

72 *Tb.* Now I knowe you better , when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis* , the king my father gaue you such a ring.

76 *Per.* This, this, no more, you gods, your present kinde-nes makes my past miseries sports , you shall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt , and no more be seere,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

scene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

*Me.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

*Per.* Looke who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

*Tb.* Blest, and mine owne.

*Hell.* Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

*Tb.* I knowe you not.

*Hell.* You haue heard ince say when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remeber what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

*Tb.* T'was *Hellecicus* then.

*Per.* Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to liare how you were found? how possiblie preserued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

*Tb.* Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue shoun their power, that can from first to last resolute you.

*Per.* Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene relieves?

*Cer.* I will my Lord, beseech you first, goc with mee to my house, where shall be shoun you all was found with her. How shee came plac'ste heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thce *Thaisa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismal, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

*Tb.* Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

V.iii.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Per. Heauens make a Starre of him , yet there my  
 80      Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptialls , and our selues  
 will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne  
 82      and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

84      Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing stay,  
 To heare the rest vntoldc , Sir lead's the way.

F I N I S.

*Gower.*

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard  
 2      Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward :  
 In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter scene,  
 4      Although assayl'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.  
 Virtue preferd from fell destructions blast,  
 6      Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.  
 In *Helycanus* may you well descreie,  
 8      A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie :  
 In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appereas,  
 10      The worth that learned charitie aye weares.  
 For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame  
 12      Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name  
 Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,  
 14      That him and his they in his Pallace burne :  
 The gods for murder seemde so content,  
 16      To punish, although not done, but meant.  
 So on your Patience euermore attending,  
 20      New ioy waytc on you, heere our play has ending.

F I N I S.











